

Sask. Retains McGoun Cup; Hill and Fisher Defeat 'Toba

Alberta Debaters Win Here, Lose in Saskatchewan—Saskatchewan Also Wins in Vancouver and Retains Cup—B.C. Loses at Winnipeg

The results of the four intervarsity debates held on Friday evening in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Vancouver and Edmonton, leave the McGoun Cup in the hands of the University of Saskatchewan, which also won it last year. Saskatchewan teams won in two places, at home and in Vancouver, thus beating their nearest rival, Alberta.

All four debates were held on the same resolution: "That Commercial Imperialism is a Perpetual Menace to International Peace." The home team supported the resolution in each city, and in all but one clash—that in B.C.—the home team won.

In Edmonton Sidney Fisher and Bob Hill were ranged against William Hughes and George Galt, of Manitoba, and won by unanimous vote of the three judges. Charlie Fisher and Jack Hopkins lost in Saskatoon against Miss Dorothy McKenzie and F. J. C. Luke. In Vancouver George Britnell and George Mainby for Saskatchewan won the negative side over Denis Murphy and Greville Rowland. Hugh Roberts and Hugh Sanderson for Manitoba carried the day over David Wadlinger and William Master-ton for B.C. at Winnipeg.

Hill and Fisher Win

The debate here was held in Convocation Hall with Dr. Hardy as chairman. The University Symphony Orchestra played selections from the "Student Prince" before the debate began and while the judges were making their decision.

The judges were George H. Van Allen, K.C., Ald. C. L. Gibbs, M.L.A., and Dr. R. K. Gordon.

The debate was one of continued good humour and pleasant jests which did not lose their force in passing through the medium of the chairman.

The opposing teams made a marked contrast in appearance and style of delivery: Hill and Fisher were neither above medium height, while Hughes and Galt were large men, over six feet tall; the Alberta men were rapid speakers, especially so Sidney Fisher, and suited their voice and manner to their subject, whereas the Manitoba men were slow and deliberate, although not by any means hesitant, and kept much the same style of delivery throughout. Mr. Galt, the student of law, indeed, did not make a single gesture all the time he was on his feet, but spoke in a cold, impassionate and yet easy, natural manner.

Dr. Hardy, honorary president of the University of Alberta Debating Society, set forth the details of the competition, and introduced the speakers in turn, calling first on Sidney Fisher.

Mr. Fisher

Mr. Fisher, explaining the resolution, stated it involved two distinct points: that commercial imperialism is a menace to industrial peace; and that it has been and will continue to be so. Examples from past history

COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE TUCK

Tuck Shop Business to be Looked Into by Special Committee

Owing to certain items published in the eleventh issue of The Gateway for this session, in which the Tuck Shop was criticized, The Gateway decided to appoint a commission to conduct a thorough investigation into the Tuck Shop business.

It was hoped that this commission would have its report ready for publication in this issue, but the question is more involved than was at first thought, and requires another sitting of the commission before it may be settled.

The proprietor of the Tuck Shop has welcomed this investigation, and is doing his utmost to help put the whole matter of prices and service before the students.

Over the coming week-end the Tuck Shop commission will convene again to meet Tuck Shop officials, after which a full report will be drafted to be published in the next issue of The Gateway.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE BIBLE HAS A MODERN VALUE?

Fred Hess, Com. '30: No; it has no value to the majority because it isn't read by the majority.

Margaret Johnston, Arts '30: Yes; for while we may not accept the Bible as divine, it gives us an unsurpassable code of ethics.

Estelle Styles, Arts '30: Yes and no; modern education is beginning to demand something bigger and broader, but that something is not yet evolved.

Jack Sweeney, Arts '28: Yes, I think so; the Sermon on the Mount is the greatest lesson ever taught.

Edward Read, Arts and Law '31: Yes; Any book that has survived as long as the Bible has must have some intrinsic value, even for this generation. Apart from anything else, it has a great literary value.

"Happy" Hansen, Elec. Eng. '29: Yes; it supplies the foundation for an unknown want in human nature.

Jack Bridge, Med. '32: Yes; we must have a religion, and the tenets given in the Bible elevate the majority of people.

Ken Thompson, Med. '31: No; when accepted fanatically it binds those who believe it to the outworn traditions of the past, and tends to prevent the advance of civilization.

Vera Palmer, House Ec. '29: I don't think it has because it is not read.

ON TRAVELLING TEAM



CHARLES B. FISHER, Sci. '29

The second of the heavenly twins led the Alberta debating squad at Saskatchewan. "C.B." is a veteran debater; last year he helped to silence the 'Toba team at Winnipeg.

SENIOR WOMEN HAVE WALKAWAY

Defeat Y.W.C.A. 76 to 2—Losers Ineffective—Varsity Worked Nice Combination

The Varsity Senior Girls' basketball quintette scored an easy victory over the Y.W.C.A. representatives by a score of 76-2. The Green and Gold squad was never in danger and outplayed the "Y" in all departments. It was a slow game, and except for a few humorous situations, was a wash-out for the half-dozen fans. Gladys Fry was the high scorer with a total of thirty points. Tommy Palmer was a close second with twenty-six, and Doris Calhoun accounted for twelve. Thelma Craig saved the "Y" from a whitewash by scoring from centre in the second half.

Varsity took control of the play and rapidly piled up points. The visitors were loose on defence, and the home team broke through for shots with ease. Any attempts that the visitors made were smothered by close checking, and it was rare they even got within shooting distance. Varsity continued to swell the count, and at the two-minute breather led 16 to 0. When play was resumed the "Y" girls speeded up, but were ragged in passing and failed to get away. The referee called a personal on Marg Morrison, but the visitors failed to count. The Varsity girls were using short snappy passes, and worked well under the basket. The score at half-time was 36 to 0.

The second period was practically a repetition of the first, although the "Y" girls improved in their checking, and scored their single basket. The whistle found the score 76-2.

The lineup: Varsity—V. Palmer (26), D. Calhoun (12), right forwards; M. Alexander (6), left forward; Gladys Fry (30), centre; Ethel Barnett (2), Taddy Esch, right guards; Marg Morrison, left guard.

Y.W.C.A.—Helen Brown, Thelma Craig (2), right forwards; Dorothy Hogg, left forward; Elsie Munton, Effie Stewart, centres; Rose, Torrey, Beatrice Stacy, right guards; Marie Kazier, left guard.

COUNCIL MEETING

The Students' Council filed into place for their regular meeting, held Monday at 7:30.

The Council is keeping in mind the next meeting of the Union, the date for which is not definitely set, but the stage for which is rapidly being prepared. The Council know what they want, and are contriving ways and means for its securing.

The Council gave permission to the Women's Athletic Association to alter its budget so that its travelling team may be used for its billeting, money budgeted for the billeting of visiting teams here. Each team is looking after its own billeting this year.

J. R. Teviotdale, Med '32, was appointed Manager of the Maritime Debate, which is to take place here February 17.

NOTICE TO FRESHMEN

Fees are due and payable to any member of Executive.

Photos to appear in the Year Book will be collected from the Studio where taken on Jan. 31. Pictures of paid up students only acceptable. Students are requested to take definite steps regarding joining the class in order to facilitate preparations for class activities.

President: Al Harding.
Vice-Pres.: Miss K. Craig.
Sec.-Treas.: Jack Agnew.
C. K. French, Miss I. Kippen, Allan Carscadden.

NEW COURSE

A course in "Professional Ethics" has been started at St. Joseph's College. The course will be given by Brother Aloysius. It will deal with the ethics of the leading professions.

DESERTS OF WORLD NOT SO VERY DUSTY

World's Deserts Are of Real Value, Says Hilton, Addressing Philosophers

At the public meeting of the Philosophical Society on Wednesday evening, a most interesting paper was presented by Mr. M. J. Hilton on "Wealth of the World's Deserts." With an array of interesting material, supplemented by a few well-chosen lantern slides, Mr. Hilton, after a brief discussion of the meaning of the term desert, and the location of the world's main desert areas, proceeded to a more particular consideration of the Sahara, the Thar desert in India and the coastal region of Peru and Chile.

The discussion assumed a real importance when one learned that one-fifth of the fifty million square miles comprising the land surface of the world may be classified as desert by reason of having less than average rainfall of ten inches per annum.

Popular Illusion

Speaking first of the Sahara, Mr. Hilton wished to dispel the popular notion that it is a sandy sketch of plain. Rocky plateaus make up four-fifths of the surface of the Sahara, and the remainder is the sandy fringe accessible to tourists.

That the desert permits most productive agriculture when water is supplied was amply proved by statistics and descriptions of amazingly profitable crops of dates, wheat, barley, oranges, figs, apricots, and vegetables grown in oases or under conditions of irrigation.

The nomadic population pastures herds of goats, sheep and camels on the scattered patches of shrubs and grass—exchanging the products for cereals and grain. The weaving of Oriental rugs by women who have unlimited freedom from the necessity of housework forms an important industry. Among the mineral exports may be enumerated phosphates, potash and soda. Progressive methods of transportation and irrigation will enable these areas to support ten times their present population of two and a-half million.

Man's Great Work

The Thar desert, in the region of the mouth of the Indus, is the scene of the world's most spectacular attack on the desert. In India twenty million acres are irrigated. The United States comes next with 8,500,000. In the case of a tract of 3,000,000 acres in the Thar desert, the irrigation project has, in the years 1890-1911, permitted an increase of the population from 8,000 to 800,000, and an increase in the value of land from 43 rupees per acre to 593 rupees.

Similar undertakings on a tremendous scale in 1912-15 and in 1923 have opened areas that are capable of growing cotton of a quality to equal the Egyptian. These areas

(Continued on Page Six)

ARTS CLUB HEARS IMMIGRATION VIEWS

Dr. Alexander Says Little Immigration From Great Britain to Come

An interesting lecture by Dr. W. H. Alexander was enjoyed by the members of the Arts Club in 135 Arts at 4:30 in the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 25th.

The subject of Dr. Alexander's address was one of great interest at the present time—"The Problem of Canadian Immigration"—and was heard by a large and representative body of students.

Bill Hobbs, president of the Arts Club, presided over the meeting.

The gathering was further entertained by the serving of tea and light delicacies, after which the address was given.

Dr. Alexander's opinions on Canadian immigration as expressed yesterday, are not those commonly heard on the subject, and may be disappointing to some. For Canada, he says, is not on the eve of a great wave of immigration.

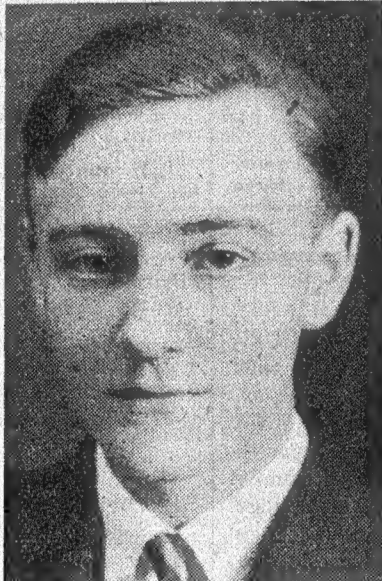
The European centers from which Canadian immigration has formerly come are, in his opinion, either unwilling or unable to provide more emigrants. What there will be in future will come mainly from Scandinavia and Germany.

There will, Dr. Alexander foresees, be little immigration from Great Britain. The grounds on which he bases his opinions are two: that the agriculturalists of Great Britain were never before so prosperous as now, and there is and will be no demand for the industrialists in this country; and that the old country is on the eve of a great social revolution, and the leaders of the people are not going to let their supporters in this movement emigrate.

On behalf of the students of the University of Alberta, The Gateway wishes to offer its sincere sympathy to Mr. G. W. MacKay, Arts and Med., on the death of his father, Dr. M. E. MacKay, on Wednesday, Jan. 25.

The sympathy of the whole University goes out to Mr. MacKay and his mother in their bereavement.

MADE GOOD SHOWING



JACK HOPKINS, Ag. '29

Who represented Alberta in the Inter-Varsity Debate at Saskatchewan on Friday. Alberta was defeated 2 to 1, but, from all reports, gave Saskatchewan a hard fight. Hopkins has starred in Parliamentary debates here.

WAUNEITAS STAGE BIG HUT NIGHT

Wauneitas Entertain at University Hospital on Tuesday Night

On Tuesday night the University Hospital was invaded by the tribe Wauneitas, in full war-paint and a hilarious mood. After a chorus "College Bells" by the gang, Etta Rogers played "Sousaphone" in a style that sounded just like Parlow to us. A disreputable-looking hobo bearing faint resemblance to Margaret Archer, wrung tears from the hardest heart by her rendering of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." A swirl of the kilts, and the bonnie Campbell lassies were away wi' the Highland fling. The mob went into action again on "Vive la Varsity." Blanche Olander sang "Where My Caravan Has Rested" in her usual charming manner. Those peppy youngsters, Eleanor and Kae, brought down the house with the latest thing in modern dance. Such energy, such joie de vivre! The "Days of the Week" followed in rapid succession. (Even senior House Ecceurs use a can-opener for Tuesday's soup.) Win Gilhooly went over huge with a dramatic recital of "At the Photographer's." The assembled throng then rendered "A Tragedy," and concluded with the Wauneitas song. The boys gave three cheers for the girls, and the girls returned them with interest. When they left somebody was singing "Mademoiselle d'Armentiers." The tribe stopped in the Tuck on the way home and held an impromptu banquet. Toasts were drunk to those two hardworking little Wauneitas, Sid and Charlie. Everybody then went home before being thrown out.

NO ISSUE NEXT WEEK

It is customary for The Gateway to miss one week in February. There will be no issue, therefore, next week. The Gateway will resume publication on February 9, and publish weekly up to and including March 22.

N.F.C.U.S. HAS BIG DEBATING PROGRAM

Universities From England and U.S. Included in Federation's Scheme

A debating scheme embracing not only Canadian universities from coast to coast, but also universities in the Old Country and the United States, is the plan of the N.F.C.U.S., according to Percy Davies, Secretary-Treasurer of that body. In a recent interview by a representative of The Gateway, Mr. Davies expressed the greatest of enthusiasm over this project believing that it will give an impetus to debating never before felt in university circles.

"A definite debating cycle has been planned," he said, "beginning with the Maritime tour. The universities will have to know the schedule in advance and prepare accordingly, keeping in mind the object of the Federation that all universities are to have representatives on the teams who will meet representatives from all parts of Canada."

With this plan in mind, Mr. Davies reports that the Federation has invited British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan to send a team early in 1929 to meet the universities of Central Canada and the Maritimes.

Debates With U.S. Varsity

They have also invited the universities of Manitoba, Western Ontario, and Queen's to send a team of three men to the United States at the same time. Arrangements for this tour are being made in co-operation with the National Students' Federation of America and the International Institute of Education. The latter body, Mr. Davies explained, is endowed, and its express purpose for promoting debates of this type is the value of the debates themselves. The N.S.F.A. has a membership of nearly 450,000 students alone, thus insuring tremendous support to the plan. In the early fall of 1928 a team of two leaves Canada for England. This completes the 1928-29 season.

Ambitious Scheme for '29-'30

The plans for 1929-'30 are even more ambitious. Two teams are to leave Central Canada, one going east to the Maritimes and one to Western Canada. In turn, Western Canada and the Maritimes will send teams to tour adjacent divisions of the N.S.F.A. in the United States. It is also expected that during this period the Canadian Federation will make terms with the N.S.F.A. whereby a team from the Old Country will tour both Canada and the United States.

"The general policy with regard to the Canadian debates I can give definitely," stated Mr. Davies, "and it will be as follows: The universities at which the visiting teams will debate will be asked to submit a subject, and from the suggestions sent in the officers will pick at least three subjects. The teams who are to travel will then be sent a list of these and asked to choose which side they desire to take on each subject. The teams with which they are to debate will then choose the subject they wish to contest. Local rules prevailing at the universities will govern the debates."

UNDERGRAD DANCE

The Undergrad Dance Committee wish to announce that there will be a limited number of tickets on sale in the lounge of Athabasca Hall immediately after dinner on Thursday evening, Jan. 26.

Alden Harding President of Freshmen by Large Majority

Freshman Class Now Organized—Harding President, Kae Craig Vice-President, Jack Agnew Secretary-Treasurer, K. French, I. Kippen, A. Carscadden on Executive

The election of officers for the Freshman class started at 4:30 last Friday afternoon and continued till noon Saturday. Kathleen Craig as Vice-President, and K. French, I. Kippen and A. Carscadden as members of the executive received their offices by acclamation, no opposition being offered. But the presidency was contested by three candidates, and the secretary-treasurership by two.

At 4:30 Friday afternoon a meeting of the freshman class was called in 142 Med, and presided over by Wesley Oke, the president of the Students' Union. Mr. Oke expressed regret that circumstances had been such as to prevent an earlier organization of the class, and then called upon the candidates to address their electors.

Election Speeches
First to speak was Vincent Allen, candidate for the president's office, who promised to do his best for the class if elected, and outlined the work ahead of the executive as being the provision for a banquet and dance. A. Harding, speaking next, said that, as the president's power was greatly subject to the will of his colleagues, he could promise nothing but his desire to serve the class as well as he could. The last of the three presidential candidates, Ramsey Little, gave a very short address, assuring the Freshmen and Freshettes of his best efforts if elected.

Jack Agnew and John Farrell then each harangued the audience with short, straight-to-the-point addresses.

WAUNEITA SOCIETY MEETS

A meeting of the Wauneita Society was held Thursday last, Jan. 19th, in the upper Wauneita rooms.

A vote was taken as to which of the two submitted designs of Wauneita pin should be adopted; the lapel pin was the choice of a large majority.

Miss Ann Shaver, of the Household Economics Department, then gave a very interesting talk on her trip abroad last summer while on an undergraduate tour.



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COLLEGE SPIRIT?

It is often remarked that graduates of the University of Alberta are not as other graduates in that they display no great affection for their Alma Mater. We haven't had time to make any extensive inquiries as to the truth of this allegation, but it seems to represent the prevailing opinion. The reason usually given is that there is a lamentable lack of "college spirit" at this institution. This thing called college spirit is a very popular subject of conversation, though no one seems to know exactly what it consists of. During the late war one might read in despatches almost any day "the spirit of the troops is excellent." This, however, was well understood as a reference to gallion jugs labelled S.R.D., and it was quite true. College spirit is a more indefinite thing. But all seem to agree that we lack it, whatever it may be.

We shall be greatly obliged to anyone who will undertake to explain exactly what it is and how to promote it. No one seems to doubt that a supply of this mysterious commodity is the most pressing need of the student body as a whole.

MAGNA EST VERITAS

A recent contributor to The Gateway deplored the fact that the people who occasionally address us do not rigidly adhere to fundamental truths, and that nearly every one of them has some particular axe to grind. There may be a good deal in his contentions, but the fact remains that it is sometimes wiser to suppress certain thoughts.

We know of at least one actual case where a man came to grief by reason of his veracity. Late one night he was standing at the top of a long steep stairway, when two plain-clothes policemen appeared, and requested him to depart thence. He immediately proceeded to state his opinion of policemen in general and "dicks" in particular. There is not the least doubt that he was telling the truth, and nothing but the truth as he saw it. He would doubtless have told the whole truth, but about the beginning of his second sentence, he became interested in the descent of man, and shortly after, in astronomical observations. As he gathered himself up and looked up the stairs, he was probably impressed with the truth of Sir Isaac Newton's conclusions.

Zeal for truth is an excellent thing, but it does not follow that the expression of what we think to be truth is always necessary or wise. It is also true that very often one man's truth is another man's "bunk."

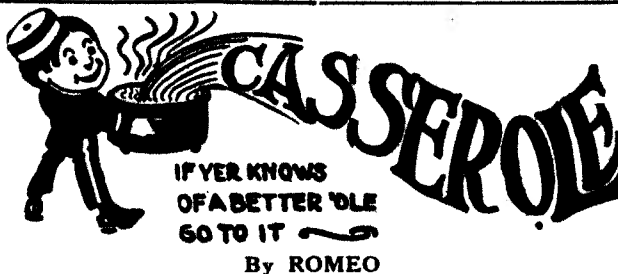
SWEET CONTENT

Students, one would think, should be very happy mortals. They are frequently told that they are the finest specimens of youthful humanity that the country can show, and are generally inclined to believe it. It is very natural that they should accept this view, for it is no very great strain on anyone's credulity to believe that he is better and more deserving than most of his neighbours. Other things that undergraduates often hear about are the greatness of their opportunities and responsibilities and their enormous debt to the state or institution that has made it possible for them to know and appreciate the higher things of life. Surely students, of all people, should be contented and grateful. The fact that they usually are not is an odd illustration of the perversity of human nature. Yet it is true that they usually are able to find numerous causes for complaint, and not long ago in the United States suicide seemed to be much in favor among them.

This is even more strange to anyone who has seen anything of American college life as represented on the screen, where it appears as a continual round of perfectly delightful events, with professors and textbooks literally out of the picture. We remember one typical college picture of a year or so ago. The only college official who figured respectfully in it was a large and handsome coach, with a powerful jaw and a Hyenadent smile. It was quite plain that he was the Royal High Ruler and Supreme King. Once the dean of the college appeared and stood modestly behind the coach, while the latter harangued the assembled students. But no one could fail to understand that the dean was less than the dust beneath the coach's wheels. From the supremely confident and masterful manner of this coach, one might conclude that the Students' Union had never refused to vote him his stipend. But the poor dean was scarcely a pawn in the game. If this can be considered a true representation of American college life, we wonder what earthly reason students can have for committing suicide. The only possible conclusion is that they are naturally perverse, and that even the most ideal earthly conditions will not satisfy them; so they seek the great perhaps just by way of a new sensation.

Here in Alberta we have not reached such an advanced stage of boredom. We are still able to get excited over matters of government, for instance. Perhaps when we have reduced the academic side of college life to the same properly insignificant state as Hollywood has, we too may lose all interest in it. But we are far from that point.

However, as remarked before, students generally seem to find as much to be dissatisfied about as the O.B.U., and they do considerable kicking. It's hard to say whether this is a healthy sign or not. It may indicate abundance of energy or it may be St. Vitus' dance.



Famous last words: "Gosh! this stuff is dry. Come on out into the corridor and have a smoke."

"I know a girl who plays the piano by ear."
"That's nothin'. I know a man who fiddles with his whiskers."

Mathematical Department

Light travels at 186,000 miles per second.
In one year there are 31,536,000 seconds.
1982 years ago Julius Caesar landed in Britain.
So that if you were 1982x31,536,000x186,000 miles out into space, you could see Julius Caesar landing in Britain.

Eh what?

A university man was criticizing one of the co-eds.
"Oh! she's one of those Channel swimmers."
"Whadya mean—Channel swimmers?"
"Goes so far, then stops."

First Frosh—Are you an atheist?
Second Half-wit—No, I have no religion at all.

"Please."
"No!"
"Oh, please do."
"Positively no."
"Please just this time."
"I said no."
"Aw, ma, all the boys go barefooted now."

I bet she wouldn't marry me and she called my bet and raised me five.

Speaking of endurance tests, there's the stunt of cooking dinner for a family of nine while balancing an infant on one hip.

Down in the States a man never feels flattered when a woman makes advances—she may just want someone to help kill her husband.

Lee Cameron says that since he learned French by mail, he can converse freely with anybody else who learned French by mail.

Art Kindt wants to know if the buns they wrap around wienies are dog-biscuits.

Correct this sentence: "He tried on three pair of shoes," said the clerk, "and didn't mention the hole in his sock."

Bobby's debating slogan was—"Hill for Hell."

"Flimsy Dress Ousts T.B."—Heading in Journal.
When was that, Tommy? (Anyone who isn't in on this, call at The Gateway office.)

Advice Bureau

Four ways to foil the fury of University exams.
1. Discontinue all dating from now until exams.
2. Eat three regular meals a day if you can raise the price, take a little light exercise and sleep whenever possible.
3. Study at least six hours a day.
4. Take out a leave of absence for the rest of the term.

I will personally guarantee that if these instructions are followed faithfully, no one will flunk a final.

"He adores the ground she walks on."
"Well, a farm of that size isn't to be sneezed at."

A colored gent appeared at the clinic this week. His dark map was a trifle undulated from pock-marks. "Have you had smallpox?" he was asked.
"No suh, but ah was around when those academics was drifting around."

IF EPITAPHS SPAKE TRUE!

O. Damnatius Klegiat

This name certainly speaks for itself, and while little Damnatius is not well known around the campus, you must all have a good idea what he looks like. His career has been eminently extinguished, since he has taken several courses three times. The average student will hardly credit the fact that in one course he has the Prof's jokes down so thoroughly that, awakening at one lecture from a deep slumber, he burst out laughing at the precise moment. His name has not been blazoned all over the campus in the manly field of sports, but nevertheless, Damnatius has been a powerful factor in athletics. In fact, for six years he has been official net-mender for the tennis association, and once won the 80 yards swimming race (with water-wings). We hate to see him leave the Varsity—he always had money, and wore good ties. We shall miss him as a landmark. For years he has been revered by students of physics 10, English 22, History 47, and numerous other courses, as one who has stood the ordeal repeatedly without flinching. His motto might have been, "Try, try again." He learned to dance in three lessons.

Use the word "Scherzo" in a sentence. "Why do the ladies wear their scherzo short?"

He—You nearly lost your equilibrium that time?
She (anxiously)—Oh, I hope it's not showing.

In case of an auto wreck, who should speak first?
And should the man precede the lady through the wind-shield?

"Oh, well," sighed the Freshette, "such is the ups and downs in life," as she pulled up her stockings nad tugged down her skirt.

English 1 students, here's a tip on punctuation which we overheard the other night.

Improper: "Don't you dare kiss me again."
Proper: "Don't you dare. Kiss me again."



"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire.

University of Alberta,
January 20, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Thomas Hardy died on the night of Wednesday, January 11th. News of his death, accompanied by an excellent biographical sketch, was given prominence in the Edmonton Journal of Thursday, Jan. 12th. On Friday, the regular work of two University classes, English 2 and English 53, was laid aside and the hour given over to a talk about Thomas Hardy, and the reading of some of his significant poems.

Probably, in other courses as well, reference was made to the passing of this great man. With these references in the newspapers and in university courses, no student need have been oblivious of the fact of its importance. The editorial staff of The Gateway, who, it may be assumed, read at least the local papers (to say nothing of the fact that one member of the staff is in English 2) must have been aware by Thursday night (or by Friday noon at the latest) that an event of such profound significance to every intelligent person in the English-speaking world had occurred. On the following Wednesday at noon a member of The Gateway (the very one, as it happens, who is in English 2) came to me as I was leaving the Arts building and said: "Will you write for The Gateway an Appreciation of Thomas Hardy?" "When do you wish it?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "it must be in today. The Gateway goes to press tomorrow." I looked at him in astonishment, doubting if I had heard aright. Had he asked me on the preceding Friday or Saturday, or even Monday, I should have looked upon it as both a duty and a privilege to comply with his request. As it was, I told him, probably pretty shortly, that I would do nothing of the kind.

It is hardly necessary to point the moral. Would this student have thought that I was dealing fairly with him if I had assigned him an essay in English 2 and to his question had jauntily replied: "Oh, it must be in today." Is The Gateway not aware that, quite aside from the respect (naturally somewhat diminished by such incidents) which one may have for The Gateway, one owes it to the dignity of the subject and to one's own self-respect to give one's careful best to the writing of an "Appreciation" of Thomas Hardy? Is it not time for the editorial staff of The Gateway to stop acting like irresponsible children?

E. K. BROADUS.

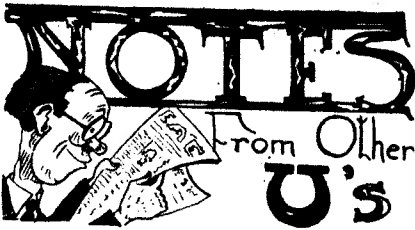
University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In last week's issue I read that at a Students' Council meeting held in connection with the failure of student self-government in our institution, "many opinions were expressed, several tentative resolutions were moved for presentation, and a list of grievances even found voice, a final decision was not reached, however, and the Council disbanded to renew its deliberations at a later date."

Why all these delays? Why these eternal adjournments when questions concerning conflicts with some of the senior members of the staff are concerned (to employ the expression used by the Edmonton Journal in reporting this Council meeting)?

I say: "Let's go, let's get to the root of the matter." We are told we have all the instances of arbitrary intervention in our activities we need, the apparently unjustifiable abolition of Med Nite, the indirect and gradual elimination of an essential requisite to University life, Initia-



An experimental college is to be tried at Wisconsin. Lectures are to be replaced by tutorials. A closer contact between students and instructors during researches should be obtained.—McGill Daily.

The 1928 annual will be out before April 1st. Any student may sign their name on the subscription lists and have the price of the annual (\$3.75) deducted from their caution money.—McGill Daily.

Those two antithetical things, Oxford and women, have reached an agreement, equally painful to each. After many months of consideration, it has been decided that the ratio of entrants shall be four male students to one female. The men are regretful that women are to be permitted to continue at Oxford, and the women that their numbers are being kept down. So despite settlement, Oxford and womankind may continue to exchange glares.

The University of Toronto has received message of felicitation and congratulation on her hundredth birthday. There are fifty-six illuminated and decorated messages from all over the world.

National Debating

The most important step taken at the meeting of the N.F.C.U.S. in Toronto recently was the outlining of a scheme of debating between the represented universities. The first debating tour will be conducted by a team of three Maritime students who will debate at university and non-university centres between Quebec and British Columbia.—The Varsity.

tion, interferences with our social functions, and so forth and so forth. Why bother with technicalities, and with what the laws and regulations say or purport to say? There are no such animals—they do not exist for all practical purposes.

Our only course of conduct is to find out what rights, if any, we possess, in other words, whether there are a few things left to the discretion of the students of this institution without fear of a last minute veto in the name of the best interests of the student body, of the University, or again for fear of what a few howling voices (mistaken for public opinion) may say.

You cannot appropriate and reprobate. If a quorum of the Students' Union cannot be obtained to thrash out this matter once and for all, or if obtained, merely imitates the Council's indecision, I say in this case: "Let the students stop their own howling and criticisms, and cease to leave themselves open to the charge of being 'knockers' of our University instead of its best 'boosters.'" Thus, perhaps, a greater intensity of college spirit and pride may be developed, and our University looked upon by us all in later life as a real Alma Mater.

Yours rather pessimistically,
ARTHUR LESSARD.

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1928 SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS 1928

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Eastbound Sailings, June 20 from Montreal to Glasgow, per S.S. Metagama, and July 4 from Quebec to Southampton and Cherbourg, per S.S. Empress of Australia, returning Aug. 25.

SIXTY DAYS - \$525

Round trip ocean passage, all expenses of rail and other travel during trip, baggage transfer, ocean and rail gratuities, meals and hotel accommodation included in the above cost.

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2nd Annual Holiday Summer School in French

Owing to the success of the Summer School in French, organized and held by The Overseas Education League during the Summer of 1927, it has been decided to continue the school during the Summer of 1928. For this purpose the Lycee Victor Duruy, Boulevard des Invalides, Paris, has been placed at the disposal of the League by the French Ministry of Education. The term will be from July 17th to August 25th, 1928, preceded by a five-day visit in London. Steamship arrangements are as follows: Eastbound, by the Empress of Australia, July 4; Westbound, by the Empress of Scotland, August 25th.

COSTS

Round trip ocean passage, rail and other travel expenses during trip, gratuities, government tax, baggage transfer and full board and residence at the Lycee Victor Duruy, and five days in London.

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Tuition and staff fees will be divided per capita and will not, it is estimated, exceed \$25 additional.

For all further information, descriptive illustrated circulars relating to any of the above visits, alternative transportation arrangements and application forms, apply to

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NO SMOKING

By Alpha

How I love constituted authority! I pant after it like the hart after the water-brooks or the average student after climbing two flights of stairs. When my time shall come I too shall drain my flagon of hemlock with the vision of the sanctified beauty of all acts of the powers-that-be undimmed before my eyes. You know what I mean.

And so when they put signs in the halls saying that there shall be no smoking, why, naturally, I think that students of all faculties and races (including the Scandinavian), should do exactly as they are told. So, please don't think that I am actuated by any love of anarchy. In short I am very much unlike most contributors to The Gateway. I am rather more like our system of student self-government—I am unique.

But even so—supposing for the sake of argument that I have been sincere in the last two paragraphs—is that any reason why a humble citizen should not ask, with all the respect due to those to whom respect is due, why there should be "No Smoking" signs rivaling in size the placards advertising the meeting of the French Club, Math Club, Engineering Society, Botany Club, Modelling Club, Yodelling Club, or what-have-you?

I am not saying that there is no reason for such things. Perhaps there is. One might even say that there was an off-chance that there was some reason behind the idea. But it cannot be that the underwriters are afraid that our mosaic rotunda pavement is likely to burn up. Can it? I pause for a reply and breath.

And far be it from me to suggest that the intention is to give the Freshmen a good impression of the moral standards of the place. I believe with John Stuart Mill, Voltaire, Milton, and Bernarr MacFadden, quotations from whose writings weekly head The Gateway correspondence column, that there is nothing which would ever be considered too bad to be published. Freedom? Yessir, I'm for it! And the Freshmen oughtn't to be taught that college men don't smoke. Of course college men do. A person can't be around here very long before he sees that that fact is undeniable. So, why try to hide it?

One of the Waunetas told me a possible reason. She said that it was all because of the younger generation. She's that kind of a girl—feels that simply because she has studied biology she can talk frankly

about all sorts of things. She said that it is becoming increasingly difficult to tell the younger generation of profs from the ordinary undergrad students. Hence the regulation. Students are not to smoke in the halls simply because there must be some means of distinguishing the great and the near-great. Heretofore the faculty have smoked throughout the halls almost unnoticed. Now they can do it in almost solitary grandeur, and we, who saw them not before, can now bow our heads in reverence as they pass.

That may or may not be the reason, but I for one shall accept it until I hear another. Gee, I'm tired. C'mon out in the hall and have a smoke.

AND STILL MORE

By Happy Pagan

Are we as Canadians laboring under a psychological complex of repressed jealousy of the United States? Why are so many of our speakers so anti-American in sentiment? Aren't we a little hypercritical? And if so, why? Why is it that we like to belittle our colossal neighbor? Are we really concerned about their failure to enforce law, or their—admittedly—strident clamors about "winning the war," or the salvation of their mammon-ridden souls, or their lack of decency and culture? No; we're jealous because they're our greatest competitors in commerce and industry, and because they are, or are becoming, our successors as the dominant nation of the world.

Don't you think so? Then why was it that we were so anti-German before the war, and now we never bother our heads about Germany? Wasn't Germany threatening our supremacy then? Isn't she out of the race now? Is she any less dangerous now? No, but she is a less dangerous rival. The United States has fallen heir to our vituperation.

We have many American friends and acquaintances, and they don't seem to be any more lawless or mammon-ridden, or indecent, or boorish than our Canadian friends. In fact, they generally are fine people, good friends. They are the representatives of the nation that we rail so much against, that we use as a foil to show up our own manifold virtues.

Answer these: Are Americans not among our most enterprising and valuable citizens? Does Canada not look to the United States as her surest bulwark against Japanese aggression on the Pacific? Did not American troops turn the tide in 1918?

Did not American relief save millions in Europe, just after the war? Did not the United States make special concessions to us in their immigration laws? Is not the United States our best market?

Has the United States ever tried to bully us as one large nation often does a smaller? Don't we intend to go to the United States if we can't make a living in Canada?

This article, of course, is very unpatriotic. It would be much more patriotic to abuse and malign our neighbors and pat ourselves on the back. It is only the blatant politician and jingo who is patriotic—he who brings about international hatreds, and finally, devastating and foolish wars. Is it not possible that a man who seeks to love his neighbors may be as patriotic as the one who doesn't?

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Omnium Rerum Regina Oratio

By Dokalik

Latin titles appear to be the style in The Gateway this year, and I love to be in the style. The only thing that suggests to me that I am not, is the fact that my title can be translated. Still, to many people the fact that a piece of Latin is untranslatable is the best evidence that it is Latin. My title means, freely translated: "Everything has its queen, and speech is the queen of everything." You can take hold of that from either end; it is a labor-saving device.

The intelligentsia and others were out in larger numbers than usual for the Manitoba-Alberta debate last Friday evening. This can probably be explained by the free circulation of "comps" among the intelligentsia and by a total loss of interest in the hockey team among the undergraduates. We noticed immediately on taking our way to our modest seat in the second front row that our province was in for all the horrors of broadcasting; life's last privacies are being filched away from us one by one. Our conservative soul was relieved, however, by the sight of the good old water jug and tumbler in silent majesty on the table (centre front stage) the chairman of the evening, Dr. Hardy, disclaimed early all interest in jug or contents by retiring to deep back stage. Thus are temptations avoided by the just. It was pleasant to see dress suits back again in place of the gloomy gowns of past years; perhaps it is only a coincidence that great Biblical erudition in the debaters made its return simultaneously.

Now, one can criticize only what one hears, that is, in fairness. That is one reason why the visitors will escape easily; they spoke in the attitude and voice of gentlemen discussing things pleasantly together in front of the grate-fire after the first cocktail, while waiting for dinner. Visitors should be warned about our Convocation Hall, and told just how much amperage, kilocycleage, and other things are necessary to make themselves heard. Even Sid Fisher, who should know, became ruminative at times and ceased therupon to be outwardly intelligible. Bob Hill called the signals on the other hand excellently.

There can be little question as to which set of speeches was the more effective; Fisher and Hill had it over

ON DANCING

By K.

When Terpsichorean revellers In giddy circles fly, I around me cast in wonderment An ever-wid'ning eye; And am deeply in astonishment Of "how," or even "why." (Defunct Ballad)

It happened a short while ago that, being asked to write an account of the weekly house dance for The Gateway and given a ticket as an inducement to that end, I attended the affair of Saturday evening. Regrettably I pushed my way into the crowded upper gymnasium, crossed the floor safely though not unscathed, seated myself on bench facing the wall, drew out a book—P. R. McBlossom's "Pneumatological Megalomania in Canines," and settled down to a tolerable three hours of reading.

I was roused by the first discordant strain of the jazz orchestra occurring simultaneously with a hearty slap on the back, which I took to be the first reverberation from the big drum. It was not until I heard the following query that I realized that I was being spoken to: "Wouldn't that cacophony make you cacographic?"

Without looking up I replied: "In this age of cacotechny it would be considered rank cacodony to call that by a caconym, even though it makes my report cacologic and written cacographically."

Raising my eyes I then perceived that it was Charley who was speaking, and in great surprise asked him what on earth he was doing there. He replied that under ordinary circumstances he would not for a moment think of coming to such a horrible affair as this, much less of staying, more less of watching, and most less of participating, only it happened this morning that—"er—ah—Miss Walpole asked me if I were going."

At this moment my once sensible friend rushed off to make an obsequious bow to Miss Robertina Walpole, and, resuming my former position after a few seconds of sadly meditative contemplation, I saw no more of him that evening. I thought through the babel behind me I once heard said, in a voice as familiar as the thought was otherwise: "Beautiful music, Miss Walpole, is it not?"

Of the worry I had the following week over Charley's frequent nightly visits down town—a worry that changed in nature other than in degree when by tracking him I found out that these excursions were made to Lightfoot's Academy of Dancing—a worry that increased when, following a mild expostulation after the discovery of his clandestine ambition, he showed me a quite bombastic toe—of this worry the less said the fewer unhappy recollections.

"Memo fere salta sobrius nisi forte insanit" said Cicero many years ago," argued George when I brought him to give his help to the cause, "and Marcus Tullius was not unacquainted with his garlic and leeks."

The Latin and slang alike prevailed nothing: the force of our weighty logic was broken on a barrier of hops and skips.

If people knew what ridiculous figures they cut when dancing this outlet of energy would give place before an inflow of wisdom. The tall man makes a queer looking a dancer as the short one; the former appears to be pushing a wheelbarrow, the latter to be carrying a ladder. The lean

their opponents like, not only a tent, but a circus marquee. They might have had it even more so if Sid had not disdained to use seven of his twenty minutes and if Bob had always been sure whether he was going through the line or around left end. I was terribly afraid for a moment that Bob had forgotten his peroration (you know, Terese, the last part of a speech, the fire-works), but he finally dragged it forth multa reluctanter. But the prettiest speech of the four was Mr. Galt's; he turned a lot of neat phrases which I heard, and on the law of averages there must have been as many in what I did not hear. He has a pretty fair idea for whom it is that kings really buy necklaces, and just what kind of sights most delight missionaries. I think there was some kind of subtle irony in his frequent mention of sulphur among the requirements of civilized nations; it was probably related to the hell which figured conspicuously in the arguments of the affirmative. Mr. Hughes' speech was in my judgment too much of an essay in morals, but there are those who think my judgment defective in such matters. I did cordially agree with Mr. Hughes, however, when he opined that Bob Hill was resolved to tell the story about Bertrand Russell and the Pope whether it was apropos or not. Bob simply had opened two canned stories and, according to the directions on the can, had to remove the contents immediately.

There was something fine and hard-boiled about the whole debate, if I may continue my figures drawn from domestic life. The negative at times showed a tendency to drift towards the good old bowl of mush, but the moment they detected it, they pulled themselves up short and became grave, hard men. On the other hand all the affirmative eggs had been boiled fifty-nine minutes, just to be on the safe side. It was evident from Sid Fisher's ill-concealed scorn that he knew that the public platform of a university was no place to tell the truth about our civilization, and his lacunas were as eloquent as his periods, while Bob Hill with his well-known contempt for whatever verges on the sentimental displayed all the callousness of a professional economist and prospective Bachelor of Commerce. The present critic prefers that style of debate himself; the other style always skirts dangerously near unspeakable mawkishness.

Little points of interest picked up as one went along may be now thrown together in a last paragraph. Sid Fisher has as many intonations for the word "really" as there are tonal variations in the Chinese language; it is rather startling when he gets four of these into a single sentence as he contemplates the iniquities of imperialism. Bob Hill's "orbit of seeming progress" only confirms me in the cynical view which I already entertain of progress, that it is a species of travelling in some kind of a circle or ellipse, but he should be careful as to the effect of his language on the young. It is true that a false quantity no longer makes impossible a political career in the

woman is at as great a disadvantage as the stout one: the former looks to be eluding the grasp of her partner, and the latter to be hugging him to death. Just as there is no perfect dance for a build there can be no perfect build for a dancer.

If Webster was right in his conjecture that the word "dance" comes from a German root meaning "to drag," the suitability of the word is unquestionable. One is dragged to a dance, at a dance, through a dance, and, if the contagion is given time to fix, from a dance. But no dancer will admit this: let our slangiest call a "hop" a "drag" and observe how quickly the attendance at these gatherings will drop.

It is peculiar what makes people dance. It may be a tendency among humans to act and look as ridiculous as possible when gathered together. For if a person alone is observed it will be noticed that that person has, or at least displays, no intention or desire of making movements other than those few needed in locomotion, never the many used in that form of "loco" motion known as dancing.

Parliament of Britain, but still if Mr. Hughes will drag in Cicero, he might as well get expert advice on the pronunciation; there is always some odd person around who is harrowed up by that type of mistake. Mr. Galt has a most engaging smile which becomes all the more engaging as he gets confidential with himself, but at least in a public debate it will not take the place of argument.

If you don't like this critique, please write to The Gateway and say so; the chief function of The Gateway is to cure maladies of the spleen. And besides, I got paid for this critique, two complimentary tickets, printed on pink beaver-board, as permanent souvenirs for the ticket-takers. I suppose. As for the two tickets, well, like Mr. Galt's Egyptian king, I used them for myself and my queen—or somebody.

Men and Manners

Drink deep of the spring of life at the University of Alberta. It is good to be here. One can sit in the lecture room while the professors lecture on anything from electrocardiograms to feudalism, and looking out of the window towards the University farm see in the checkerboard landscape a real picture of the rotation of crops. Over the sombre landscape beyond meanders a friendly country road. It passes a group of buildings composed of barn, chicken coop, granary, machine shed and the home of the lord. 'Tis a feudal manor in replica on the face of medieval Europe in retrospect. The student who is taking Psychology 2, 51 or 54 will become fascinated by a bit of animal psychology. Watch that herd of scrub cows! They always begin to graze at the same spot in the meadow or in the stubble, and though scattered they always move in the same direction and cover the same amount of pasture land per hour each day. There is something mechanically traditional about scrub cows. One might liken them unto the student who mechanically recopies and memorizes his lecture notes after each lecture without thinking what they are about.

Looking out of a south side window in the medical building one sees St. Joseph's College, and is reminded of the medieval seats of learning, i.e., the home of the wise and learned, which, of course, is also the case at the University of Alberta.

That silo down on the farm coupled with the imagination becomes the leaning Tower of Pisa. With physics text in hand that herd of Herefords at the base of the silo becomes a mass of people watching Galileo emerge at the top.

Coming out of Convocation Hall after singing "O Canada," we feel very patriotic; our thyroid glands are sprinting, and those dusky evergreens overlooking the banks of the Saskatchewan to the west becomes a regiment of brave Canadians hurling back the Americans in 1812.

While one unfortunate medical student is struggling with a husky turtle and going through a "why mothers get grey" trial in attempting to get the two writing levers to record a normal heart beat on a carbon black drum, his more fortunate fellow student in Arts may take a walk into the country. A wagon comes rumbling along, and a whisky-nosed old greybeard calls out, "Ya wanna ride." There is no doubt keen joy in mounting the high seat and having a hearty chat. The student may now, if he knows his cereals, discuss the price of wheat, oats, and barley, or he may even discuss the freight rates, or the possibility of a Peace River outlet in 1928. Before thanking for the ride if he casts his eye into the wagon box he will notice in a little California prune box, almost hidden under a wisp of hay, is sugar, coffee, oatmeal, dried apples, salt and rice.

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SPORTS

Varsity Stays on Bottom Rung of League Ladder

First Two Periods Scoreless—Varsity Ties at Last of Third—"D.P." Plays Thrilling Game—Elks Win in Overtime—Morris and Kenney Use Mitts—Final Score 3 to 1

The game did not start with the usual whirlwind rush, although Varsity was breaking fast after checking. Gilly drew a one-minute penalty after about three minutes of play. The Elks' centre muffed a pass in front of Varsity's goal. Morris and Powers worked down the ice, playing nice combination. Morris got a shot, but was far enough out for Howie to save easily. Then the Elks began a bombardment of Varsity's goal, forcing MacDonald to do some nice work at the net. They had four men down once, but only tangled themselves up. Then one of the Elks drew one minute, and Varsity started some rushing. Powers and Runge showing up well. D.P. was again forced to extend himself to save two nasty shots from right wing. Powers was working hard and getting in frequent shots, but Howie was too good. The Elks' defence missed a pass from the left wing in front of an almost open goal just before the bell.

The period was all the Elks' and only MacDonald's work in goal saved several tallies. Varsity's forwards were rather weak on back-checking, relying too much on letting the defense do the work.

"D.P." Thrills Fans

The second period started well for Varsity, with Knight and Powers narrowly missing tallies. Frittle got a shot right afterwards, and Knight and Morris followed in quick succession on the rebounds. Gilly worked in close, and only a wonderful save stopped the first tally from being rung up then and there. Groves shot from the blue line, and following closely on his shot, which was stopped by a defense man, picked up the puck

again and forced Howie to fall on it and stay there. Half-way through the period, Gilly got a penalty but because the referee picked the wrong man. It looked like a sure goal for the Elks when Marker got in front of the goal with no one but the goalie to beat, but MacDonald came out and spilled Marker into the goal. It was one of the nicest saves of the evening. A moment later he was forced to come out again to save. In the last five minutes the play speeded up considerably, with Power and Runge going well. The Elks' passes were repeatedly offside, slowing up the game somewhat through constant stopping of play.

The forwards, particularly Knight, back-checked well, and kept the play around the Elks' goal most of the period. The play was a complete reversal of the first period, with the advantage all to Varsity. Marker, though exceedingly rough, was playing a nice game for the Elks, doing some of the prettiest stick-handling on the ice.

Both Teams Score

One of the Elks' defense rushed and shot right after the face-off, starting the period right off with a bang. An Elk tripped to save a shot and drew one minute. Even with

(Continued on Page Six)

THIRD SENIOR GAME SATURDAY

Senior Basketballers Meet Y. M. C. A. in Upper Gym—An Important Game

The third game in the northern Alberta basketball playoffs will be played in the upper gymnasium on Saturday, the twenty-ninth, at eight o'clock sharp. The Y.M.C.A. men will take the floor in another attempt to defeat the Varsity squad on their home court. Ample proof was given by our lads in the last two struggles that they can go the whole route with the overtown boys. Varsity will not see a better team under her colors for some time to come, or a group of players that spare themselves less. The team is rapidly building up speed and condition, having previously been unable to secure real opposition. It is quite on the cards that the battle may go to the other team, so strong and effective is their play. If this does happen, the spectators will see Varsity playing as she never played before, as the lads are in no mood to be prevented from meeting the champions of the south by their chief rivals in the north. Just close that book for an hour, and step down to the gym. It'll be worth twenty-five cents, and your encouraging voice will be appreciated.

Varsity will be represented by: O'Brien, Siebert, defence; Husband, Shandro, Little, Brynildson, Hannecho, Gowda, Miller, forwards.

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SWIMMING MEET ON FEBRUARY 8TH

Inter-Year Competition Promises to be Hot—Many Veterans Back

The date of the annual Inter-year Swimming Meet is rapidly drawing nearer. On February 8th large crowds are expected to wind their way to the Y.W.C.A. to see the naials in action.

The competition is expected to be especially keen this year, a large number of Freshmen who have enviable records behind them having arrived in our halls with their swimming suits.

The senior class are relying mainly on three men. McKechnie, a lad who learned his swimming at the coast, is looked upon as the best bet in the sprints. Macdonald, individual champion for the last two years, will again be out to retain his laurels. Martland is expected to do something in the longer distances.

The juniors are basing their hopes for victory on Hill and Teviotdale. Hill took the diving honors last year, and Teviotdale was good for points in the breast stroke and back stroke. The sophs are pinning their faith on Ted Donald and a couple of dark horses. Their big point winner of last year, Latham, is unfortunately no longer with them.

The freshmen claim to have the surprise of the meet. In Jim Thom, Walter Anderson, Jack Kinnear and Al Carscallen, besides a number of lesser lights, they have a galaxy of stars who should emerge the final winners.

The women refuse to divulge who is expected to win among their number, it being a trait of the tribe Wauneta not to boast, but to be demure and shy. However, they say that there will be a large number out to take part in the various events. So come one, come all, and look the swimmers over.

MONARCHS WIN OPENING GAME

Varsity Girls Defeated by One Goal—Put Up Game Fight Against Cup Holders

Although the Varsity ladies were somewhat outclassed last Thursday evening in their initial game versus the Monarchs, they put up a darned good fight. The final score was 1-0 for the Monarchs, largely due to the brilliant game played by Fran McMillan in front of the net. She had to stop fully five times as many goal shots as the Monarch goalie.

The teams seemed to be fairly evenly matched at first, but it was soon apparent that the Monarchs had what Varsity lacked, a couple of players who could stick-handle their way through the whole crowd. Margaret Pruden and Helen Wolfe, for the Monarchs, had Duke Keats' style down pat, and repeatedly took the puck from one end of the ice to the other. On one solo rush in the second period Marg. Pruden made the only tally of the evening. This same player repeatedly broke through to take a clear shot, but the Varsity goalie robbed her of further tallies, sometimes diving right into the impending shot. Varsity's passing was a disappointment — "D.P." had to check them up quite frequently on forward passes. Except for the third period, the Green and Gold was very deficient in combination. Another cause of their failure to score was the inability to raise the puck in shooting. Dot Sproule was the exception in this case, and did some very effective back-checking.

The Varsity sextette fought hard all the time, but seemed unable to get away. Kal Ross proved to be the

(Continued on Page Six)

STAR GOALIE



FRAN MacMILLAN

Those unfortunates who didn't watch Fran's work in the nets last week are to be pitied indeed. Bobbing and jumping, swiftly sliding, fearlessly rushing, Fran brought everyone to their feet in loud acclaim! Ever and anon her clear voice encouraged her team-mates to follow her example. She gives a finished exhibition in goal, and plays like a veteran. "I'll be a hot shot that evades this goalie tonight!"

DEADLY SHOT



BILL SHANDRO

"Bill" is a freshman of much value to the hoop artists of Alberta. In both Intermediate and Senior basketball, Bill has displayed uncanny powers of hitting the circle from almost anywhere. His work in the first game of the playoffs was particularly meritorious, where he ran up 22 points, and checked like a demon. He puts the finishing touches to the nice brand of combination worked by his team-mates.

SPORTING SLANTS

There are no two ways about it; the seniors are suffering from an inferiority complex! That was a good game on Tuesday; plenty of pep and spirit—and flashes of good hockey—but here we are, holding the bag again.

A Varsity rush—green and gold sweaters around the Elks' goal; the puck comes out—the crowd yells frantically—but the right man isn't there; if he happens to be, he shoots—no hand goes up—just another "near" goal! And we had twice as many shots as did the winners!

If Varsity ever gets the knack of shooting that puck straight, we see a brighter future.

The Elks weren't much better, we'll grant you that.

Good work, "D.P."! We're sure going to miss you next year.

Not much wrong with "Pal" on the defense, but he hung on to that puck too long on several occasions.

Play hockey, gang! Quit waiting all over the ice with a chip on your shoulder. Three of our penalties were a direct result of trying to get even. You're not much help in the penalty box!

Knight has improved steadily—he's one of our best men now! Why not return a few of his passes, you other forwards? And how about making sure it isn't one of the other team you pass to?

Why was Varsity so much more aggressive than in previous games? Answer—Because the team had a little real condition. We didn't notice Gilly suffering so much from his usual heavy exertions.

How about this trip down south, managers? The team needs experience, and that's the way to get it—wouldn't be a bad advertisement for the old establishment, either. Don't let this project become another "might have been."

Girls' hockey—yes, we all laughed but what do you expect? Duke Keates, Herb Lewises, speed and stick artists? Wouldn't a victory for the girls bring as much honor to the University as any senior game? And would the seniors play their best game before a rinkful of scoffing on-lookers? Buck up, critics—look to your own sportsmanship—and give girls' hockey a serious and earnest boost. Come and cheer tonight—a Varsity team is fighting for you.

The senior basketballers need more condition. Shandro is erratic—and might not have had his "eye in" last Saturday. That lead you men ran up in the first period was badly needed in the second. We've a hunch that much harder games await you.

"Hubby" is the right kind of a coach—he has those basketball girls training harder than ever. They need it, too. Also, there's a tendency of some to "day-dream" while on the floor. Better snap out of it, girls—you're due to meet real opposition very soon.

Opinions differ—thank God! But at least we should know each other's. Any criticisms—favorable or otherwise—of sport in and around the University, will be welcomed by "Sporting Slants." Drop 'em in the box outside The Gateway office—we'll use all that we can.

Varsity Wins First Game Of Northern Hoop Playoffs

Green and Gold a Bit Too Good for "Y" Men—Overtown Boys Stage Grim Battle in Last Period—Pulishy Stars For Losers—Shandro For Varsity

In a game that was replete with thrills and featured with speed and hard checking, the Varsity Senior basketball squad defeated the invading "Y" team by a score of 36-28. Both teams went at top speed from bell to bell, and had the visitors been a little more accurate in their shooting the story might easily have been different. Bill Pulishy, a former Varsity player, and Earl Hickenbotham were the bright lights for the "Y." Bill Shandro for Varsity rose to be the star of the evening, checking and scoring like a fiend. He accounted for 22 of Varsity's 36 points, scoring from every angle on the floor. It would be hard to pick another star unless it were Siebert, a Varsity guard, for every man on the floor played a good game, and the

Green and Gold chances for provincial honors look good. The game opened with a bang, and neither team seemed able to break away. Shandro opened the scoring, and in a few short seconds piled up a 7-0 lead for Varsity. The "Y" took control of play for a moment, but had hard luck at the basket. Both teams checked heavily, and both drew penalties, piling up points. The play was quite even for a time, and at half-time Varsity led 21-14.

Y.M.C.A. Threatens Small Lead

The "Y" heavyweights returned, evidently determined to overhaul the Green and Gold lead. Hickenbotham scored twice, and things became hot. "Hubby" relieved the tension, and Brynildson scored on a penalty. The visitors crowded the Varsity basket, but didn't have the range, and failed to score. "Bryn" scored a beauty from centre. Siebert missed a penalty shot, but Shandro recovered and counted two for one. Pulishy was playing a good game for the "Y," and was very dangerous. He scored two in a row, one on a long shot. Somebody smacked Siebert in the eye and forced him to retire temporarily. Play was very even in this period, the "Y" twice threatening Varsity's lead. Siebert returned. O'Brien, Green and Gold captain, broke away and helped keep his team in the lead. The "Y" tried harder, but the students proved to be too good for them on defense, while making good use of their own shots. The bell found Varsity leading 36-28.

Referee Morrison handled a difficult game well and to the satisfaction of both teams.

The Lineups:

Varsity—Husband, right forward; Shandro, Little, left forwards; Brynildson, centre; Siebert, Miller, right guards; O'Brien, Gowda, left guards.

Y.M.C.A.—Bill Pulishy, right forward; Earl Hickenbotham, left forward; Catthers, Perring, centre; Martell, right guard; Johnston, Richards, left guards.

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DEATH—AND AFTER

By Hassan, a Dreamer

"The Student Body is dead!" The wail rises pitifully upon the bracing winter air; a hopeless and forlorn cry. Well; what of it? What if the Student Body is dead? Has no one enough gumption to bury the rotting thing before it becomes too nauseating to approach? Surely, there is a reader-of-sands remaining, who will shout the cry which must logically follow—"Long live the Student Body!" There will be no interregnum. Some form of student government will succeed to the one which is dead, a victim of its own times and of a vicious system of administration of so-called higher learning.

When a system of conduct has proven itself unwanted, impracticable, obsolete, it should be thrown out, bag and baggage, and a more suitable system adopted. Any institution which is maintained for one purpose and used for another is a failure. Your Students' Union is maintained to develop its members socially and physically. It is used to relieve the University administration of the irksome task of keeping a jealous foster-parental eye upon the student outside of lecture-rooms. And therein lies history. Time was when the infancy and smallness of the University enabled the President and Provost to personally supervise the morals of the student body. Then it was that a form of student government was evolved to permit self-expression, socially and physically. But the growth of twenty years brought more than additional and bigger buildings; it has brought your halls into contact with the vanguard of the "Younger Generation"—a rebellious, unsettled, pessimistic, ques-

tion-asking body of young men and women. And with this latter, the very great problem of discipline; a problem which could not possibly be dealt with by the President and Provost unaided. What could these deputies of the Legislative Assembly and the great god Public Opinion better turn than to the already organized Student Body? In the past few years, that body has been organized and super-organized to such a point that now every concerted movement of the student body is supervised either directly or indirectly by the President and Provost. Student government is now falling to pieces because it has been duped into taking on a big job which is distasteful.

Hell-fire and damnation are directed against the mass of students, whose other-interest is designated disinterestedness, and whose alertness in other directions is termed lethargy. But why rave against the poor student body? It doesn't care a tinker's-dam for all the blasphemy flung at it by Student Councils, newspapers, provosts, or anyone else. Far better inquire into the cause of the decayed condition. Far better worry about why what is, is. Find out if the knife is needed, or the pill. You are presuming a diseased condition. But are you sure it exists?

Get down to bed-rock, and ask why the average student comes to university nowadays, and what effect his coming has upon him.

It appears that in the days of yore colleges were designed and conducted to disseminate higher learning and to develop liberal-minded gentlemen. Students entered college, primarily, to become acquainted with the liberal arts. Those who sought a specific professional training might secure it through the good and capable offices of the various professional societies. University training involved a direct personal contact between tutor and pupil.

But those days are gone; particularly with reference to State universities. Colleges have been changed into educational department stores, in which the student may shop according to his taste. The majority of students fly to the bargain counters where they may purchase courses designed to increase the income, or where they can procure a degree for the smallest number of hours work. The student is each year becoming less concerned with the university and more interested in the particular little alley which leads to the bread and butter. In fact, when he enters the institution, he comes to a faculty, not to a university. This may sound like unkind criticism of the student. Heaven forbid! He is merely a victim of the times, an unconsidering believer in our modern bread-butter-and-automobile creed. Is anyone to blame then? Possibly. Possibly we might point a finger at those who dominate our educational system and say: "You are not making any honest endeavor to stimulate a desire in our young people for higher learning, in its finer, cultural sense. You are

unprotestingly permitting a vocational and technical spirit to completely oust the spirit of educational liberalism." Possibly we might. Certainly, much could be done in preparing the minds of our high school students for a finer and more cultural academic course than they choose, unguided, under the present iniquitous system. Some narrow-minded ass will surely jump to his feet, at this juncture, and empty declaim that this new country, just on the verge of self-realization, is no place for frock-coats and gaiters, and that practical men is our crying need. But such arguments are merely red-herrings. Of course, we need practical men and she-women, who can grapple with the problems of our country as they arise, but any man is a liar or a fool who declares that a practical man is a less-good citizen because he is cultured and conversant with the philosophy and history of his fellow-men.

The late Woodrow Wilson, while President of Princeton, once said, in the course of a discussion on this subject: "the side-shows are more important than the circus"—to the student. Certainly his expression is applicable to the condition rapidly developing in our provincial university. The faculty organization is inevitably becoming, more and more, a lode-stone of student interests, and it would be wise for those in office to recognize the fact, instead of weeping bitter tears over the dead body of a thing now passed beyond a life of usefulness.

Another point. Any member of the staff will admit that the college professor is one of the noblest works of God. But the unfortunate tendency is for his nobility to remain in splendid isolation from the student body. Possibly—as some slight justification—he feels that he is unwanted in student circles. But he is wrong. A great opportunity exists for the professional staff to influence the course of student social life, in a way that would be welcome. A very few enlightened professors have realized this fact and have capitalized it to their own credit and to the benefit of their students. The majority, however, pack themselves into high-brow intellectual circles, like sardines in a can, and promptly forget the existence of such a thing as the student body. The janitors know far more about the average student than do the deans and all the be-gowned luminaries of the teaching staff combined.

It is true that our system does not permit of a personal classroom contact between teacher and the taught. Our modern university Chautauqua depends too much upon long-distance

Let's Arbitrate

Regular faculty-student conferences for discussion of faculty legislation pertaining to students is suggested by the Cornell Sun to "promote greater understanding and insure complete co-operation in questions directly concerning the undergraduate body." The Sun believes a representative group of students meeting with the faculty would do much to remove mutual irritation. The proposal is not new. Elsewhere it has been presented in student attempts to gain access to faculty meetings. These efforts generally have been fruitless, presumably on the ground that the students are not sufficiently mature to be of aid to the administrators. However, some of the kinder teachers have let it be known that the faculties are not so much afraid of student immaturity as they are of the danger that the inane character of most faculty meetings may become too generally known.—The New Student.

inspiration. In many instances, the lecturer requires the arts of an orator more than those of a scholar to "put it over." He must be ready with stories and amazing illustrations. He must possess the ability to dramatize his subject so that the dozing student in the back row will occasionally wake up and grasp at a fact or principle. But our professors allow themselves to be willing victims of this unfortunate state of affairs, and lack either the desire or energy, or both, to get "on the inside" of the student. The result is that the student, in time, becomes as narrow-minded as his professors appear to be. And the narrow-minded student is bound to confine his vision too exclusively to the tasks which face him personally; and these are primarily associated with securing credits for a degree.

If every baby were presented with a B.A. degree at birth, much good might result. Many Bachelors of Arts would remain at home, profitably employed hoeing potatoes. Attendance at college would be smaller. The professor would have less excuse for evading his duty as a mentor and guide. The President and Provost would be able to police the place personally and directly. The Student Body would have to combine its units for effective self-expression socially. Possibly, too, more students would come to college for the purpose of getting an education.

If the Student Body is dead, let those who care be 'ware, discouraged. Let them watch closely, lest a successor emerge less suitable than the deceased.

Boxing Isn't the Most Strenuous Sport

By Gene Tunney
World's Heavyweight Champion

(Copyright 1927 King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

In the course of an interesting sport talk with some friends the other day I was asked, "What do you consider the most strenuous sport?"

Without hesitancy I replied "Rowing." This started so lively a discussion that I was tempted to revise my opinion, for I now believe that the most strenuous of all sports is a sport argument. But it's lots of fun. I'd sooner sit around swapping views on sport matters than eat. I'm an incurable fan and my interest applies to most of the major sports.

"Do you mean to say," my surprised friend went on, "that you consider rowing more strenuous than boxing?"

I stuck to my story. I have always considered rowing the most taxing and wearing of athletic sports and I repeated this belief to the utter astonishment of a group that obviously expected me to nominate boxing. A hard-fought four-mile crew race takes more out of a man than any other type of a sport contest I know. I've seen oarsmen crumple and fall limply over the side of the shell and almost topple into the water. Look at almost any crew at the height of a tough race. Get a real close-up of the oarsmen by using a pair of field glasses. If you've never done this you'll get the surprise of your life. You'll see agonized expressions that you never witnessed before.

Other sports have moments that are as grueling as rowing, but nothing equals rowing for sustained strenuousness. It is a back-breaking grind, practically unrelieved in its intensity from start to finish. I'm so convinced of this that I heartily endorse the views of those who advocate the abandonment of four-mile crew races and the universal adoption of the two-mile course. A two-mile race is sufficient for a test.

I wouldn't let a son of mine row in a four-mile race. It's a killing pace. Many a college oarsman has gone to pieces physically as a result of the terrific strain of a strenuous rowing career under the present system.

Many a crowd has been alarmed by the spectacle of oarsmen collapsing in the shell at the conclusion of a hard race. Old "Pop" Courtney of Cornell, perhaps the greatest rowing coach that ever lived, would remove from his crew any man that wasn't sitting erect in the boat at the finish of a practice spin. Courtney wanted his men to "sit up straight in the shell" from start to finish. In those days more Cornell men would cross the finish line "sitting straight" than oarsmen from other colleges, but that didn't alter the fact that these fellows that were struggling bravely to "sit up" were absolutely exhausted and ready to drop in their tracks. A veteran Cornell oarsman once told me this quite frankly.

Having classified rowing as the most strenuous sport, my friends kept after me and insisted on my classifying other sports. The questions flew thick and fast. I found myself perspiring as freely as if I'd just boxed ten rounds. It seemed as if a hundred questions were fired at me at

once. "Have a heart," I said, "one at a time."

Nevertheless this whole group of questions was tossed at me almost in chorus:

"What is the roughest sport?"
"What is the most brutal sport?"
"What sport has the most action?"
"What sport is the severest test of a man's temperament?"
"What is the most thrilling sport?"

I might as well give you my answers so that you can start a little argument of your own in these interesting questions.

There's nothing like a good hearty sport debate to while away the evening.

I guess I'll start at the top of that questionnaire and work my way down. I consider football the roughest sport—yes, rougher than boxing. I've seen as many as half a dozen men knocked out in a football game. I've never seen more than one man knocked out in a boxing match.

I've always regarded wrestling as the most brutal sport and still do. There are certain holds in wrestling that are cruel, much too torturous for the comfort of the spectator who knows what's going on. Many a spectator at a wrestling match is unaware of the torture inflicted by vise-like holds that cause terrific pain.

Once I was accused of over-sensitiveness when I said I couldn't comfortably witness a wrestling match where these brutal holds prevailed. I wonder if anyone can really be over-sensitive in these matters. In a recent speech I readily classified myself as the sensitive type of fighter, but I don't believe I'm over-sensitive. I don't like a test of mere brute strength. In wrestling the man who's weaker physically hasn't much of a chance, regardless of his knowledge of the game. In the end his opponent will wear him down and beat him. In boxing the man who hasn't anything but brute strength is frequently beaten by the cleverness of a smaller and less powerful man.

And now for the next question. I believe that championship tennis has more action than any other sport. Men like Lacoste or Tilden cover a terrific amount of ground in the course of a match. There's action from start to finish. A hard-fought contest finds the players all over the court most of the time. A back-court player like Nat Miles, the old Boston star, is a rare exception. Maurice McLoughlin, once the king of American tennis players, was probably the most dynamic athlete that ever lived. It was the combination of tennis, the game of greatest action, and a fiery personality, that made this possible.

What sport is the severest test of a man's temperament? Golf, unquestionably. This may be a strange statement for a fight champion to make, but I believe that the long-drawn-out nerve strain of a hard-fought golf match puts a man's temperament to more of a test than any other sport. A severe golf match often reveals characteristics in a player—sometimes good and sometimes bad—that never before came to the surface. It reveals a man to him-

The Pig's Eye

Speaking of fish, most newspaper men are women haters. I mean the really good ones. Maybe it's because the women offer such opposition to the papers in the spreading of news. I know an ex-editor who once ran the liveliest scandal sheet between Hanna and Okotoks who blames the speaker sex for his ruin. The ladies, he complained, picked up his stuff before he could get it printed, and by the time it was on the streets the news was a week old. Regrettable, if true.

Most of us, at one time or another, try to do up what we please to call a "philosophy of life," and in this regard John Drew comes to the fore. A reporter once asked him what was the secret of his happy and successful life. He replied, "My boy, all my life I have done as I damn well please, and I'm glad of it." Incidentally, he died after eating a meal of shell-fish which the doctor had specifically forbidden him.

The Orpheum is with us again, thank God! I chanced to see the opening show at Calgary with the Fair One, and the house was packed. The hokey that the motion picture people put up about poor support has been shown up for what it was, a deliberate attempt to spear the vaudeville fans for the pictures. To me, no screen artist, however good, can equal the most obscure song and dance man or hooper provided they're really trying to put themselves over. But the circuit people are by no means obscure. Many of them are big-timers fresh from Broadway who are putting in time between contracts. I have seen, personally, George Jessel, Georgie Price, Olga Steek, Herb Williams and many others who have had leading parts in New York productions, not to mention orchestras of international fame, at the Grand in Calgary. True, they don't bring the whole show with them, but they do give us a little of the stuff that made them. They do bring to

self and to others more than any other sport, and that's what I mean when I call it the severest test of temperament. A good golfer is often a man whom golf has taught his weaknesses of character and who has overcome them.

What is the most thrilling sport? Boxing. It's the sport with the greatest punch (I hope the editors will let that line stay; it's my only joke). There is a tenseness before the start of an important bout that is unequalled anywhere else in the realm of sport. The excitement at the height of a furious exchange of blows or following a knockout surpasses anything else in the world of athletics, amateur or professional, has to offer.

Jack London once said that there was no more thrilling drama than that staged by a fighter who, after trailing throughout a bout, suddenly comes to life toward the end and knocks out his opponent. But this is only one of the many stirring situations that boxing, the game that thrills, provides.

You'll notice I haven't mentioned baseball. That's because it doesn't fit into the questionnaire. I don't know how to classify baseball. You can't classify anything that's as many-sided as the national pastime. Millions of people consider it a great game; so let's let it go at that.

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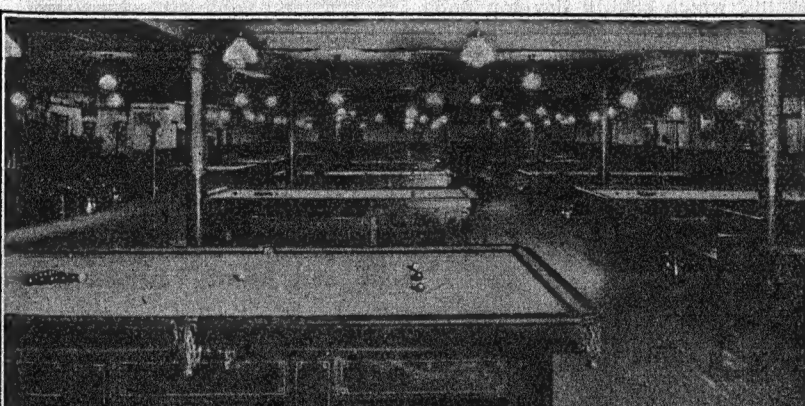
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Girls' Pep Society

Women students at the University of Omaha have decided to organize a girls' pep society, the purpose of which will be organized cheering at the games. The plan for membership is that six "barb" girls be elected by the student body from each class, and each sorority choose five of their number to be members of this organization.

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THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT HELD

Mr. W. J. Hendra Was the Guest-Conductor—Edmonton Male Choir Sang Schubert

The third seasonal concert of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra was attended by the usual large and responsive audience. The guest-conductor, Mr. W. J. Hendra, led the large orchestra triumphantly through the entire programme, the varying strains of the music seeming to come forth at the beckonings of his hands and baton. The conduction of such a large multi-instrumental machine of harmony certainly requires skill and control, and seems to give pleasure of a most genuine sort to the leader.

The first orchestration was Liszt's "Lasso, Lamento E Triunfo," Symphonic Poem Number Two, in which the composer has cast aside the conventions of symphonic form, adhering to no fixed or accepted design. It is a long and varied selection requiring considerable manipulation, the melody being taken in turn by the various groups of instruments. Liszt composed this musical poem in 1849 when at Weimar, basing his theme on the wandering experiences of the unhappy and persecuted Italian poet Iasso, who, it will be remembered, was the author of "Jerusalemme Liberata."

Next presented was Edward German's "Gypsy Suite" in three parts: Valse Gracieuse, Souvenir and Gypsy Dance. Each part was different, yet

all showed remarkable delicacy and refinement.

The Edmonton Male Choir then rendered a well prepared selection, "Song of the Spirit over the Waters," by Schubert. This was accompanied by the "string" section of the orchestra, which, at times, tended to overbalance the 55 to 60 voices. The encore, "Killarney," however, was more familiar, and was presented in excellent fashion. Mr. Hendra, the while conducting, took a very fine solo part accompanied by the choir humming. The effect was unusual, but very beautiful.

Handel's well-known work "Largo" was next played. Every music follower knows the dreamy charm of this fine bit of masterly expressiveness. Mr. F. Daimant, first violinist, very ably took the solo.

"La Source," better known in America as "Naila," was delightfully airy. This piece is very popular in theatres, but it is seldom presented as classically as by this orchestra. It was composed by a French musician, Delibes.

The last number was an overture to the opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor" by Carl Nicolai. Various parts of the opera are represented in this most enjoyable overture.

There are yet two of these splendid concerts to be given during the next two months. Students who have been so unfortunate as to have missed those already given may yet obtain seats at a reasonable rate. There is no form of relaxation and entertainment so fine and worth while as that offered by this musical organization, which does our capital much credit.

SASKACHEWAN RETAINS McGOUN CUP; HILL AND FISHER DEFEAT TOBA

(Continued from Page One)

trading opportunities. The second to these series began in the German expansion for trade eastwards, of which the Berlin-Bagdad railway was an outstanding material sign. German control of Constantinople threatened the French silk trade, English Indian trade, and Russian wheat trade, and was therefore strongly opposed by these nations.

Mr. Hughes

Mr. Hughes, on the negative side, followed: "Commercial expansion is necessary in the world today; isolation ceases to be a possible fact. There is less likelihood of war when there is a common realization of mutual need. Moreover commercial expansion opens up supplies of raw material otherwise unavailable." As an instance of this the drawing of oil, hemp and timber from Mexico by United States financiers was cited.

"Commercial expansion is necessary," he continued, "in order that the nation may find some outlet for surplus population and capital. It also brings commercial advantages to some backward nations." Concerning the flow of money from the United States into Canadian enterprises, he said: "Surely this is commercial expansion; but surely it cannot be considered a perpetual menace."

"Every nation," he stated, "has to look at every other nation as a possible importer and exporter. Their relations must of necessity be maintained amicably. Each nation must take into consideration the needs and interests of the others."

Mr. Hill

Mr. Hill, speaking for the affirmative, said:

"Nations express but the sum of all the individuals of which they are composed. It is therefore the desire for power with them as with people that makes them strive. Nations and people are by nature imperialists; for power is wealth, and wealth is the natural object of human beings."

"We must look to the future. The resources of the world are not only limited, but are already actually giving out—whence comes the struggle between Britain and the United States for the oil fields of Persia?"

"Not only this, but also the desire for the commodities of the present day is continually increasing. Rival nations of the world must strive to attain these now vital necessities."

Mr. Galt

Mr. Galt, the last speaker, delivered strong arguments for the negative.

Urging that it was not of great advantage to a nation to obtain colonies, he stated: "Because the mother country owns the colony is no guarantee that she will get its trade. France has been striving fifty years for self-sufficiency and has not got it yet. Great Britain owns one-fifth of the world's surface, and yet has to import her cotton and other necessities."

Dwelling on the advantages of commercial expansion to the exploited nation, he said: "Exploitation goes hand in hand with education and reconstruction. It was the bankers of nations, moreover, that set Austria on her feet after the World War."

The five minutes' rebuttal allowed the speakers was well employed.

The judges were not long in deciding unanimously to award the victory to the Alberta men. A popular vote by the audience also went in favor of the affirmative.

Coffee was served after the debate to the two teams and the members of the society in the upper Wauneita room of the Arts Building.

The debate was broadcast by the University station, CKUA.

Recital Tomorrow



KATHLEEN PARLOW
VIOLINIST

Who will give a recital at McDougall United Church on Friday, January 27th, starting at 8:30 p.m. This recital is being given under the auspices of the University of Alberta Alumni Association. All students of the University will be greatly interested in this function, not only because Miss Parlow is world-famous as a violinist, but also because of the part that graduates of the University have played in bringing her to Edmonton.

DESERTS OF WORLD NOT SO VERY DUSTY

(Continued from Page One)

constitute insurance against famine conditions, and make room for the expanding population.

In South America

In the case of Peru and Chile, the rainless coast is the wealthiest part of the country. Sea birds feed upon the fish along the coast and settle in myriads upon the islands and portions of the coast. The fish waste and the excrement of the birds furnishes guano—a valuable fertilizer which loses none of its value under dry conditions. Irrigation by means of several small rivers near the coast makes this region one of vast agricultural enterprises, carrying on valuable trade in sugar and cotton. One per cent. of the country, under irrigation, furnishes one-half of the exports.

The wealth of Chile lies in the desert region in the north. This furnishes ninety per cent. of the world's nitrates—a product that is a vital part of modern industry. Ninety per cent. of the country's exports are derived from its desert.

SENIOR HOOP MEN LOSE TO "Y"

Varsity Drops Second Game of Series, 29 to 23

The Y.M.C.A. basketball squad took the Varsity team into camp last night to the tune of 29 to 23. The "Y" quintette were good for their win, having the situation well in hand at all times. The losers did not play their usual smooth game, undoubtedly being handicapped by the small floor. Play was fast, featured by hard checking and sharp-shooting de luxe on the part of the "Y" hoopers. There was very little good basketball displayed by either squad, both teams depending largely on long passes and close checking. The overtime boys had the advantage of their own floor, and it served to reverse the outcome of the tussle between these two teams last Saturday night, when the Green and Gold emerged on the long end of the count. The game lacked spectacularity, and was rather uninteresting from the spectator's standpoint.

Varsity Gets Bad Start

The game started with three quick baskets for the "Y." The play was fast and rough, and neither team was able to use the passing game effectively. The Varsity quintette were especially ragged, their passes being too fast and badly aimed. The "Y" were playing hard and fast, and ran in six baskets and one free throw before the local lads broke into the scoring column, when Greenlees sank a free throw. Varsity speeded up at this stage of the game, but old man hard luck was knocking, and the baskets were not to be had at any price. The play was hectic for a few minutes, and then lagged once more. The period ended with the score 15-7 in favor of the Y.M.C.A.

The Lineups:

Varsity—Shandra (6), Husband, Greenlees (3), Brynildson, O'Brien (3), Miller, Gowda, Siebert (5), Hanochko.

Y.M.C.A.—Pulishy (5), Hickingbotham (14), Cathers (5), Richards (1), Martell (2), Olesky (2), Pering.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

Mr. Harold W. Riley, of Calgary, will give an illustrated lecture on the early history of Alberta and the University, in Room 158, Med Building, on Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8 p.m.

Mr. Riley was the first Secretary of the Senate of the University of Alberta.

Every student is invited to be present.

NOTICE

The News Editor requests the staff of reporters and feature writers to meet him in The Gateway office at any time tomorrow (Friday) morning except between 9:30 and 10:30. All interested in reporting and feature writing who have not yet taken the opportunities to do such work offered by The Gateway will be welcome.

The News Editor is especially anxious to see the following:

Miss Rogers,
Desrosiers,
George Stanley,
Miss Bennett,
Alden Harding,
Bill Hobbs,
Beresford,
Gavin Begg,
Whittaker,
H. Dickson,
Martland,
Miss Hartshorn,
Miss Sestrap,
Sid Fisher,
Dillon Cornwall,
Miss Mullet.

MONARCHS WIN OPENING GAME

(Continued from Page 4)

best stick-handler among the Varsity girls, and Kae Craig worked like a Trojan on defence. The only penalty of the game was when Marjorie Shirley was sent to the fence for one minute for foul checking.

The Green and Gold aggregation fought right up to the last minute to even the score. The girls are to be complimented on the spirit with which they played the game, and nothing would please us better than to see them practice hard during the week and slip it all over the Monarchs this Thursday.

Editorial in "Edmonton Journal" Tuesday, January 24 1928

MICROCOSM

The University of Alberta is not merely a degree factory. Nor is it only a convenient place in which to attend lectures. It is rather a little world in itself in which the discerning student can find many opportunities to get something of that real education which "knocks windows in to the world." A casual glance over the students' newspaper, The Gateway, gives one a hint of this. There are accounts of sports events and of dances in it, but there are, in addition, reports of the meetings of many clubs in which questions of the moment are being discussed and of "parliamentary" debates where the "young idea" not only shoots, but finds a place for expression.

The Gateway itself, published once a week by a student staff, provides the student world with an efficient means for giving voice to their opinions. The last two issues, for example, contain, in addition to news of the university world, editorials which, for the most part, are pithy and to the point and a correspondence column which does not lack in verve and fire. The interest aroused by the brief paragraphs of sporting criticism justifies the belief that to get attention in this universe one should step on somebody's pet corn. In one or two issues, too, reviews of over-town shows have appeared which have not failed in pungency and originality. Whether one agrees or not with the views expressed in any or all of The Gateway's pages, one must at least admit that its columns contain that healthiest sign of youth, definite opinion on one side or the other.

A paper of this sort has, of course, certain defects. Yet, on the whole, one feels that it is a strong agency in giving vent to student opinion,

Are You One of These?

There are going to be a few unsatisfied and unhappy students very soon. We will hope that you are not one of them. Perhaps you have just let things slip, with every intention of having your picture in the Year Book and with every intention of purchasing one of these Year Books. We warn you for the last time, you must have your picture taken this week or it will be left out of the Year Book altogether. We also wish to remind you that this book is not published the same as a volume purchased at the book store. There is only one issue of a limited number of copies. The number of books printed corresponds exactly with the number of books ordered, not one extra copy. Our staff have reported that everyone has been canvassed, so everyone has had a chance to order a copy of Evergreen and Gold. Therefore we ask you to note well: This is the last week for orders to be accepted. Monday, January 31st, is the last date for photographs. The dates cannot be changed or the time lengthened, so go and phone for an appointment, and also order your Evergreen and Gold tonight.

GORDINIER PLAYERS IN "THE BAT" AT PAN

This is a thrilling week at the Pantages theatre; more than that, it is a great show, and you should see it. "The Bat," the greatest of all mystery dramas, is being presented by the popular Gordinier Players at the Pantages theatre, and is proving to be one of the biggest week's business this theatre has done in years.

Next week, starting Monday, the Gordinier Players will be seen in a comedy that has made the world laugh, "The Cradle Snatchers." This show should appeal to all students, as it is written around three wives who hire three students to make love to them to get even with their husbands. "The Cradle Snatchers" does more than send its audience into gales and gales of laughter. It makes them think after they are home and out of the theatre. It teaches an object lesson, and uses brilliant farce comedy as its means of putting over the proper point. Just an extraordinary entertainment with brand new ideas for the old and young. It was a big hit in New York and Chicago, and will be a big hit in Edmonton.

VARSITY STAYS ON BOTTOM RUNG OF LEAGUE LADDER

(Continued from Page Four)

that disadvantage, they kept up a steady rain of shots, mostly from the blue line, though Powers shot from the blue line, just clearing the top of the goal. Howie never saw it. With the period half through, the Elks' defense and centre stumbled through the defense for a goal. The puck wasn't shot in; it slid in. Kenney nearly got through for another, but Powers checked him right at the mouth of the goal. There followed a Varsity rush and scrimmage in front of the net, where Morris poked one in, tying the score. They tried hard to repeat, Gillie shooting twice on passes from Morris.

Varsity Hopes Dashed

Both sides were out to break the tie right from the start of the overtime. Knight scooped up the puck, which was lying in front of the Elks' goal, but he didn't have time to get set. The Elks' right wing and centre got through with shots. At the next try the right wing got down close and scored on a suspicious-looking pass, putting the Elks up one with only five minutes to go. Marker drew a penalty, which evened things up a bit, and Varsity held the puck around the Elks' end of the ice in a scramble in front of the goal. Groves almost managed to poke one in on another mix-up right afterwards, but just couldn't get the necessary angle. Kenney and Morris drew one minute each for fighting, leaving both sides with four men on the ice. With only a couple of minutes to go the Elks' centre worked through for another goal, making the final score 3-1 in their favor. Prittie drew a penalty in the last minute or so of play, which is something unusual for him.

Varsity did not show their usual let-down just after they score a goal, and with the score tied it looked as though we had a good chance to get the game. Great saves on the parts of both goalies kept the score from being considerably more than it was on both sides. Varsity was under some disadvantage during the game, as "Coops" went on the ice a sick man.

Elks—Howie, goal; Melnyk, S. Ferris, defence; Bennett, Edsall, Marker, forwards; G. Ferris, Kenney, McLennan, subs.

Varsity—MacDonald, goal; Power, Prittie, defence; Levell, Morris, Knight, forwards; Cooper, Groves, Runge, subs.

Referee: Stan Stevens.

something which should develop and keep alive that much-desired, if somewhat abstract thing, "university spirit." It trains, also, a definite group of students for participation in that larger world which lies in wait outside the doors of the university.

SENIORS ARE URGED TO PAY THEIR FEES

Class Memorial to be Bought—Mid-Winter Dance Approaching

New Year's resolutions have since antediluvian times shown a marked tendency towards fragility. Statistics, from most reliable sources, show an alarming increase in this form of self-expression. Would it not be wise to save something from the wreckage? Seniors, what about that New Year's resolution to pay your senior fees in January? You can have no idea of the anxiety with which the senior executive is peering into the coffers of the class; there is so much to be done with so little.

There is the memorial, which is the only practical and immediate means we have of expressing our appreciation to our Alma Mater for what she has done for us; our only way of perpetuating our memory as a class. The expenses of convocation heavy and numerous. Then there is week and convocation dance are the year book.

Seniors, it is essential that your pictures and epitaphs be in immediately. Much work is necessary after all these have been collected before they are ready for publication. Let your executive have the full benefit of your co-operation. For some time the subject which has been causing the most discussion has been the Midwinter Dance. The senior executive has been able to secure the consent of the Provost and the dance is scheduled for Friday, February 24th. Your membership in the senior class entitles you to secure a ticket.

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